

Ex's Brother 771

Chapter 771: Pervert Neurologist

Without Uncle Jimmy's reminder, Zhuang Long praised Uncle Jimmy's good cooking crazily. Uncle Jimmy was satisfied. Rachel brought a few beers, and the three of them and a dog sat around a small table and ate grilled fish.

Ever since he drank half a glass of red wine at Yan Nuo's house, Zhuang Long had started drinking.

After eating a delicious barbecue and drinking a mouthful of cold beer, the feeling was better than being an immortal.

Zhuang Long finished a bottle of beer and opened another. He took a sip and suddenly said to Uncle Jimmy, "Uncle Jimmy, tell me another case. It's so boring to just sit there."

Uncle Jimmy said, "Let me think about which one is better."

Zhuang Long suddenly said, "I always hear you talk about crimes of human nature. You've been a police officer for so many years, have you never encountered such a simple murder case?"

"Yes..." Uncle Jimmy narrowed his eyes and stared at Zhuang Long without blinking. He said, "I've really encountered such a case. That murderer is a medical expert. Do you want to hear it?"

Zhuang Long was interested.

"That's my profession." He smacked his lips and asked Uncle Jimmy, "Is he a medical expert in that field?"

"Neurology. He specializes in brain structure."

Uncle Jimmy pointed at his brain and complained to Zhuang Long, "I think he's a little crazy."

Zhuang Long chuckled and said, "Let's talk about this."

"Sure. You have to give me some time. It's been too long. I can't remember some details. Let me think about it."

"Okay."

Uncle Jimmy recalled for a long time before saying tirelessly, "About twenty years ago. At that time, I was still working in the area of Monterey, California. In our city, there was a very outstanding and famous neurologist who cured many crazy patients."

Jimmy glanced at Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Long listened very seriously and did not have any other reaction.

After a pause, Jimmy continued, "In the eyes of outsiders, this doctor is a gentleman with elegant manners. He has fair and beautiful hands, and his patients affectionately call them the hands of God. To be honest, when I found out that he was a criminal, I felt that it was extremely ridiculous. Because in our impression, he was really too kind and powerful. Who would have thought that he was actually a pervert?"

Zhuang Long could not help but ask, "What did he do?"

Jimmy narrowed his eyes and said cautiously and softly, "He killed people. Several people."

Zhuang Long sneered and said, "There are many perverted crimes committed by doctors. This is not surprising." Zhuang Long did not have much of a reaction to this story. He only thought that Uncle Jimmy had encountered a perverted murder case for the first time and thought that he was frightened. He asked Uncle Jimmy, "Is his criminal characteristic scary?"

Uncle Jimmy nodded.

Zhuang Long asked again, "How scary? How scary?"

Uncle Jimmy seemed unwilling to say it. At this moment, Zhuang Long's phone suddenly rang.

He looked down at his phone but did not notice that Uncle Jimmy seemed instantly relieved.

"It's my son," Zhuang Long told Uncle Jimmy before getting up to answer the call.

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"Dad, I'm at your house. Where are you?"

Zhuang Long was very surprised to hear this news.

He asked Zhuang Qilin, "You're at my house? Now?"

"Yeah!"

Zhuang Qilin said, "Mom has been a little busy recently. I told her that I wanted to stay at your house for a while, and she agreed. She personally sent me here today." With that, Zhuang Qilin said a few words to the person beside him. Zhuang Long seemed to hear Xiao Li's voice.

His wife and child were at his house. Zhuang Long hung up the phone and bade farewell to Uncle Jimmy.

Before he left, Uncle Jimmy packed two freshly roasted fish for him to bring back for the child to try.

After thanking Uncle Jimmy, Zhuang Long carried the fish home.

His footsteps were slightly faster, but they eventually turned into a jog.

As expected, Xiao Li was still there. She was wearing an ice blue waist-length dress and was standing beside Zhuang Qilin on the phone. Zhuang Long looked at her from afar and slowed down. He looked like he was strolling leisurely, making it impossible to tell that he had jogged home.

“Qilin.”

Zhuang Long spoke. In the house, the mother and son turned around at the same time and looked at him.

“Dad.” Zhuang Qilin walked towards him. Zhuang Long hugged Zhuang Qilin. Zhuang Qilin hugged his neck and smelled a fragrance. He asked him, “What’s that in your hand?”

“Roasted fish.”

Zhuang Long carried him to the living room.

He placed the grilled fish on the table and asked the butler to bring two sets of cutlery.

When the butler brought the chopsticks and plates over, Zhuang Long saw that Xiao Li had already hung up the phone and said, “Uncle Jimmy next door roasted the fish. It tastes great. Ah Li, come and try it too.”

Hearing that it was Uncle Jimmy’s cooking, Xiao Li walked over.

She took a bite. It did taste great, so she took a few more bites. Zhuang Qilin did not know how to use chopsticks, so he ate a little slowly. As he ate, he said, “Mom is getting married. She’s been very busy recently. I didn’t see her last night until ten o’clock.”

Zhuang Qilin was complaining to his father.

Hearing the word marriage, Zhuang Long's heart was pricked again.

However, Zhuang Qilin was only focused on eating the delicacies and was careless, so he did not see his father's ugly expression. He added, "However, I'm a sensible child. Mom is busy, so I naturally can't disturb her. I thought that Dad, since you have nothing to do, I would come over and play with you. Besides, when Mom and Bruce get married in the future, it won't be as easy for us to meet."

Zhuang Qilin bit his chopsticks with his mouth and looked up at Zhuang Long. He asked with a smile, "Dad, do you welcome me?"

Zhuang Long quickly said, "Of course, the door to this house will always be open to you."

Seeing Zhuang Qilin lower his head and continue eating, Zhuang Long suddenly said to Xiao Li, "We should talk."

Xiao Li subconsciously glanced at her son. Seeing that her son was only focused on eating, she nodded softly and followed Zhuang Long to the small courtyard outside the dining room. The moment they reached the small courtyard, Zhuang Long's handsome face instantly turned malicious. He said to Xiao Li, "On the first of June, my son's school will hold a sports meet. I'm going."

Xiao Li nodded and said, "I heard from Qilin."

"What are you busy with?" Zhuang Long's tone was a little harsh and his words were harsh. "You're not even married yet, and you're already ignoring him. Then after you get married, will you still remember that you have this son?" Zhuang Long deliberately exaggerated this matter.

Before marriage, she had to be busy for a while.

Zhuang Long was so angry partly because of his son's complaint just now, and partly because he did not want Xiao Li to marry Bruce.

Xiao Li had been extremely busy recently. After being reprimanded by Zhuang Long, she was a little irritated.

Chapter 772: Number 18

Her pretty face turned cold as she fell out with Zhuang Long. She replied, "No matter how busy Bruce and I are, we will find time to bring him out to play."

"It definitely won't be like before. We've been married for six years and haven't gone out together once."

Zhuang Long was speechless at Xiao Li's sarcasm.

He was the one in the wrong.

He waved his hand irritably and said, "Leave. I don't want to see you."

Xiao Li turned around and left.

When she walked to the dining room, she thought of something and suddenly turned around. She looked at Zhuang Long's back and said, "It's almost the 18th."

The day after tomorrow was the 18th.

Zhuang Long turned around with a confused expression. He asked Xiao Li, "What happens on the 18th?"

Xiao Li opened her mouth with a complicated expression. "Nothing." She shook her head, clearly not wanting to say more.

Zhuang Long frowned. "Just say it. Don't say half of it." The feeling of knowing that something was wrong but not knowing was really torturous.

“Forget it if you don’t remember.”

Xiao Li turned around and left, as if she was angry.

Zhuang Long stared at the woman’s slender and tall figure and was puzzled. He could not help but think seriously—

What kind of special day was the 18th?

He specially flipped through the calendar. It was not an important festival, nor was it his birthday with Xiao Li and Zhuang Qilin, nor was it the day of the marriage certificate and divorce.

Coincidentally, Zhuang Qilin had finished eating the fish. He saw his father staring at the calendar in a daze and asked him, “Dad, what are you thinking about?”

Zhuang Long subconsciously asked the question in his heart. “Do you know what special day the 18th is?”

Zhuang Qilin also thought about it seriously. In the end, he shook his head and said, “I don’t know.”

Neither father nor son knew.

However, the only person who knew was unwilling to say it.

That night, the father and son slept on the same bed. Neither of them was sleepy.

Zhuang Long patted Zhuang Qilin’s arm gently, and Zhuang Qilin let out a puzzled hum. Originally, the two of them were lying flat. At this moment, Zhuang Long turned over and lay on his side facing his son. He asked Zhuang Qilin, “Qilin, do you know that you have an aunt?”

Zhuang Qilin nodded and said, "I know."

"Does your aunt look like your mother?"

Zhuang Qilin said, "I haven't seen my aunt in many years. I heard that my aunt is already dead. As for whether she looks like..." Zhuang Qilin searched his memory for a long time before saying, "She does look like her. "

"Is your aunt's boyfriend Bruce?"

Zhuang Qilin exclaimed in surprise, "Eh? I don't know, Dad. Bruce dated my aunt?"

"Don't you know?"

"I don't know. I only know that my aunt was not in good health. Later on, she underwent surgery, but in the end..." Zhuang Qilin pursed his lips. He vaguely remembered the day his aunt died. When his mother returned from the hospital, she hugged him and started crying as if she had lost her soul.

At a young age, he recalled his mother's sad expression and could not help but sigh. Zhuang Qilin told Zhuang Long, "My mother and my aunt had a good relationship. My aunt's health was not good, so she could not eat and exercise. My mother did it for her. They had a good relationship. When my aunt died, my mother almost fainted from crying."

Zhuang Long's heart skipped a beat. He thought of something and asked Zhuang Qilin, "When your aunt died, was it before Christmas four years ago?"

"Yes!" Zhuang Qilin clearly remembered that before his aunt's surgery, his mother had agreed to bring her to Switzerland to see the snow after her surgery was completed and her body recovered.

Zhuang Long's heart sank.

As expected!

It turned out that when Xiao Li made that call, it was very likely the day her sister's surgery failed.

Realizing that his father seemed to be in pain, Zhuang Qilin asked him, "Do you not want my mother to marry Bruce?"

"Of course."

Zhuang Long also asked him, "What about you? Do you want Bruce to be your father?"

"I hope you can be my father, but my mother is willing to marry Bruce. What I want the most is for my mother to be happy." Zhuang Qilin turned over and hid his face in the soft pillow. He said in a low voice, "It's so tiring to be a child. In the future, I'll either not get married and be a single noble. If I get married, I'll definitely not get a divorce!"

Zhuang Long smiled and said, "Before we got married, I used to think that I would be single forever, but later on..."

Zhuang Qilin raised his head and tilted his head to look at his father. He asked Zhuang Long, "I don't want to get married because my parents' relationship isn't good. Dad, why aren't you willing to get married?"

Zhuang Long was speechless by Zhuang Qilin's question.

Yes, why did he insist on being single?

The strange thing was that his adoptive parents were very close and loving. Although Marvin had remarried after his adoptive mother died, his adoptive father loved his adoptive mother. Zhuang Long saw all this. Then the question was, why didn't he want to start a family?

"Are Dad's parents not close either?"

The child's question seemed naive, but it was actually sharp.

Zhuang Long thought about it seriously and shook his head. He said, "Dad's adoptive parents are very close. I don't know why I refused to get married." He touched his son's head and said, "Sleep. Let's go to the beach tomorrow."

Zhuang Qilin had not gone out to play during the holidays this time. Hearing this, he expressed his anticipation.

"Okay!"

"I want to surf!"

"I still have to dive into the sea!"

Zhuang Long laughed at his boldness. "I can call you surfing, but not diving. When you're older, we'll go diving together."

"Fine."

The father and son chatted non-stop. After a while, Zhuang Qilin fell asleep. Zhuang Long had never slept with the child. He lay still, afraid that he would accidentally crush the child down. That night, Zhuang Qilin slept soundly, but Zhuang Long did not sleep well.

When he woke up in the morning, Zhuang Qilin was especially energetic. He even jumped around on his bed a few times. After jumping, he put on clean clothes. Zhuang Qilin was once again the cold and steady young master.

Zhuang Long was especially curious. Who did Zhuang Qilin inherit his devilish personality from?

After breakfast, before leaving, Zhuang Long glanced at the calendar and saw the number 17 on it. He narrowed his eyes and felt uneasy. The father and son did not drive. They each carried a backpack with what they needed.

The two of them took the D train and got off at the terminal.

Coney—Island Beach was especially lively today. Zhuang Long had booked a room nearby. They went to their room to change their clothes and went to the beach empty-handed. There were especially many people on the beach, and there were umbrellas everywhere. There were also people who pursued tanned skin lying on the beach and sunbathin

Chapter 773: Anytime

Zhuang Qilin did not know how to surf at all, but Zhuang Long's surfing skills were not bad.

After teaching Zhuang Qilin for more than half an hour, this brat did not improve at all. Zhuang Long simply let Zhuang Qilin sit on his shoulder while he played on his back. The two of them followed the waves and surfed on the sea. Zhuang Qilin hugged Zhuang Long's neck. He was already eight or nine years old. It was a little difficult for Zhuang Long to carry him, but Zhuang Long enjoyed this heavy happiness.

The two of them played at sea for a long time. Seeing that the sky was filled with dark clouds, as if it was about to rain, they ended the surfing. When they returned to the shore, Zhuang Long bought two ice creams, one for each father and son.

"Dad, they said that there will be a mermaid parade at the Luna-Park amusement park tomorrow! We won't go back today. We'll stay here and watch the mermaid parade tomorrow before going back, okay?"

When Zhuang Qilin was young, Xiao Li had brought him to see the mermaid parade, but that was a long time ago. He had long forgotten about it.

Knowing that tomorrow was the mermaid parade, Zhuang Qilin had to take a look no matter what.

Zhuang Long had always doted on Zhuang Qilin, so how could he reject him? Hearing this, Zhuang Long agreed without hesitation. "Okay."

Seeing that his father had agreed, Zhuang Qilin was even happier. "If only Mom was here too." With that, Zhuang Qilin also felt that he had said a joke, so he lowered his head and remained silent. Zhuang Long saw Zhuang Qilin's expression, and his heart ached. He felt especially terrible.

Zhuang Qilin could have had a normal family like other children. His parents loved each other, and he would have grown up healthy under their love. Unlike now, wanting his parents to watch the mermaid parade with him was just an extravagant hope.

And all of this was because of his irresponsibility.

Zhuang Long felt very guilty towards his son.

If he had not been so arrogant at that time and not valued his pride more than anything else, he would not have sat down with her calmly when he realized that he liked Xiao Li. They would have apologized to each other and lived a good life together. Then, today would not have happened.

Just like how the pharmacy did not sell regret medicine, reality did not have many ifs that could be realized.

There were no ifs in this world. He would only suffer the consequences.

When they returned to the hotel, Zhuang Long was lying on the bed like a dead fish. "What's wrong?" He had bought some grapes on the way back. There was a bin in front of Zhuang Qilin. He sat by the bed and picked the grapes to eat one by one.

He ate the grapes without spitting out the grape skin or the grape seeds.

Zhuang Long stared at his mouth that had not stopped since he entered the house and could not help but ask, "Is it delicious?"

“Not bad.”

Zhuang Qilin continued to eat excitedly.

Seeing that his son had no intention of being filial to his father, Zhuang Long kicked Zhuang Qilin gently and said, “Give me one.”

Zhuang Qilin stared at the grapes, chose the largest one, and handed it to Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Long was deeply relieved that he knew to give him the biggest.

He ate grapes the same way Zhuang Qilin did. When he sent them into his mouth, he did not spit them out, as if it was a waste to spit them out. After eating the grapes, Zhuang Long snorted and said softly, “Qilin, Dad’s shoulder is very sore. Come and massage it for me.”

Zhuang Qilin put down the grapes and stared at his father. He sighed and said, “You’re old. You only carried me for half a day, but your back is starting to ache. You can’t do this. Let me tell you, if your stamina isn’t good, you won’t be able to find a wife.” After saying that, Zhuang Long shook his head exaggeratedly and looked sad.

Zhuang Long was silent for a long time.

Zhuang Qilin washed his hands and climbed onto the bed. He sat on Zhuang Long’s waist and massaged his back.

Zhuang Long then asked, “Do you understand what you meant just now?”

Zhuang Qilin nodded. Seeing that Zhuang Long seemed a little surprised, Zhuang Qilin said disdainfully, “I’m already nine years old. Our physiology teacher has already told us about sex between men and women. He said that men have to have good stamina! If they don’t have good stamina, they will be despised by their wives.”

Zhuang Qilin had watched many melodramatic dramas when he was young. He casually said something indecent. He said, "If you want a husband and wife to have a deep relationship, a man has to have good stamina. If the wind can blow him down, he will definitely be cuckolded"

Zhuang Long was speechless.

Zhuang Qilin seriously massaged Zhuang Long for a while. After a while, he realized that his father had not made a sound. He looked down and saw that Zhuang Long had already fallen asleep with his eyes closed.

"Go to sleep..."

After confirming that Zhuang Long was asleep, Zhuang Qilin found his phone. He thought for a while before sending a message to Xiao Li.

Zhuang Qilin: [We'll watch the mermaid parade tomorrow. Mom, are you coming?]

Xiao Li: [What do you hope?]

Zhuang Qilin: [Come on.]

Xiao Li: [Okay.]

Zhuang Qilin was in a good mood and even smiled. He thought of something and sent another message.

Xiao Li was in a meeting in the meeting room, and her assistant was sending documents to her subordinates. Xiao Li took the time to pick up her phone and saw Zhuang Qilin's message—

[If he recovers, will you remarry him?]

Xiao Li was not in a hurry to reply.

After the meeting ended, Xiao Li leaned back in her chair and looked at her phone in silence for a long time before returning to Zhuang Qilin.

Ding dong—

Zhuang Qilin, who was eating grapes, did not wash his hands and directly opened the message. He saw Xiao Li's reply: [As long as he needs me, I will appear by his side anytime.]

Zhuang Qilin: [Then aren't you going to tell him the truth? He seems to really think that you married him because you love Uncle Bruce.]

Xiao Li: [No.]

Zhuang Qilin: [... I don't understand what you adults are thinking.] He instantly felt that the grapes were not delicious. He threw away the grapes in his hand and wrote: [He was surfing on the sea with me on his back for the entire morning. Mom, I especially hope that our family can live together.]

Realizing that he was being unreasonable, Zhuang Qilin pondered for a moment and sent another message: [Mom, I will always respect your choice.]

After reading the two messages, Xiao Li's heart was heavy.

Zhuang Qilin was only nine years old. He could clearly be as noisy as other children and make all kinds of unreasonable requests. However, he did not. He hoped that Xiao Li and Zhuang Long could remarry, but he especially respected his mother.

His thoughtfulness made Xiao Li's heart ache.

After work, Xiao Li reminded a female secretary, "Sonny, make time tomorrow. I have a private matter."

Sunny replied loudly, "Okay."

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The next morning, Zhuang Long and Zhuang Qilin put on the same t-shirt and walked onto the streets.

There were especially many tourists on the streets. They stood on the sidewalk. There were guardrails on both sides of the road that did not allow pedestrians to enter. The streets were especially crowded and noisy. Many couples and parents with children brought their children to watch the mermaid parade.

Chapter 774: The First Time Taking a Family Picture

Zhuang Qilin searched the streets and finally found Xiao Li. Xiao Li was standing on a staircase on the left with a cup of coffee in her hand. She was wearing a short white t-shirt, sunglasses, and a hat. Zhuang Qilin said to Zhuang Long, "My mother is here too."

Zhuang Long looked in the direction of Zhuang Qilin's finger in surprise.

When he saw Xiao Li, Zhuang Long's eyes seemed to light up, but he quickly suppressed it.

After the three of them met, the two adults looked at each other and did not know what to say.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "It's starting!"

Zhuang Long and Xiao Li looked up at the end of the street.

A car drove over with a water tank. In the water tank were two golden-haired beauties in mermaid clothes. They walked freely in the water tank, swaying their exquisite fishtails. Their long golden hair fluttered in the water, and they were especially beautiful.

Zhuang Qilin exclaimed, "So beautiful!"

Zhuang Long could not appreciate such beauty. When Xiao Li heard her son's praise, she only raised her eyebrows and did not dare to agree with him.

This kind of trick was just to tease children.

At first, Zhuang Qilin was quite excited. When he saw a man in a mermaid dress walking past him with a beer belly, Zhuang Qilin could not help but cover his eyes and wail in Chinese, "Oh my god, I really want to poke my eyes! It hurts my eyes!"

Just as Zhuang Qilin finished shouting, he saw a group of people even more shocking than the fat uncle walk over.

It was a group of enchanting men in high heels. They were wearing long wigs of all colors and gorgeous mermaid clothes. When they walked, their buttocks seemed to be swinging to the sky. What made him collapse was that these people even stuffed a pair of fake breasts in their chests.

Zhuang Qilin was speechless.

Who could tell him why the mermaid parade he saw was different from what others said?

Zhuang Qilin had difficulty breathing after being washed by all kinds of shocking mermaids.

"Go, go, go! I'll die if you continue to watch." It was unknown if he was angry or embarrassed, but Zhuang Qilin's face was red. He pulled Zhuang Long with one hand and Xiao Li with the other, dragging his parents away. Xiao Li endured his laughter uncomfortably behind him.

Xiao Li drove here. Zhuang Qilin got into Xiao Li's car. After his parents got into the car, he lay in the back seat like a fish lacking water and sighed. "Quick, give me some water. I'm dying."

Zhuang Long opened the mineral water bottle and handed it to him.

Zhuang Qilin drank half a bottle of water in one go. He still felt a lingering fear when he recalled the shocking scenes he had seen just now.

“I won’t come again.”

“Hehe” Xiao Li suddenly laughed.

Zhuang Qilin asked her what she was laughing at, and Xiao Li said, “The last time I brought you here, you even said that the uncles in dresses look good.”

Zhuang Qilin looked like he had seen a ghost.

“Do I?”

“Yes, you even said that you want to wear that dress in the future.”

Zhuang Qilin wanted to kill himself.

“Alright, it’s getting late. Let’s go for lunch.” Zhuang Long’s suggestion was unanimously agreed by Xiao Li and Zhuang Qilin. When they were discussing what to eat for lunch, the three of them quarreled again. Xiao Li wanted to eat Chinese food, and Zhuang Long and Zhuang Qilin wanted to eat French food, but they refused to take a step back and admit defeat.

In the end, Zhuang Qilin saw a little girl eating fries outside the window. His eyes lit up and he suggested, “Then let’s go eat KFC.”

The two people in front of him turned around at the same time and frowned. Clearly, they did not agree with Zhuang Qilin’s suggestion.

Zhuang Qilin shrugged his shoulders and said in a nonchalant tone, "Fine, I won't go. I just feel a little nostalgic when I see other children eating fast food with their parents." He pretended to shake his head pitifully and said, "If you guys don't want to go, then don't go."

Zhuang Long and Xiao Li looked at each other secretly.

"Alright, go!"

Hence, they drove to the entrance of a KFC.

Zhuang Qilin ordered fries, hamburgers, chicken legs, and some other food. The shop assistant told them that there was an event in the shop today. If they spent 30 USD, they could receive a keychain. The keychain could be used to add photos.

Zhuang Qilin was quite interested in this keychain. He asked the shop assistant and found out that this photo could be chosen as long as the size was suitable. Zhuang Qilin reserved a keychain. He returned to the table and did not explain the details. He said to Xiao Li and Zhuang Long, "Let's take a photo."

Xiao Li and Zhuang Long were stunned.

They looked at each other and realized that after knowing each other for so many years, they had never taken a photo together other than their marriage certificate.

"Why? Are you unwilling?" Seeing that they were sitting there motionless, Zhuang Qilin thought that they did not want to take the photo.

"No, take it!" Zhuang Long replied quickly, as if he was afraid that Xiao Li would regret it.

Zhuang Qilin looked at Xiao Li and waited for her answer.

Xiao Li could not bear to let the child down. She nodded and said, "Take it."

The family of three gathered together. Zhuang Qilin stood between the two of them. Xiao Li and Zhuang Long sat behind him, their heads a little far apart.

Zhuang Qilin clicked his tongue and was a little irritated. He frowned and said, "You're too far away. There are rules for the keychain. You can't get in even if you stand too far away. Get closer!" He turned around and pushed Xiao Li and Zhuang Long's bodies towards the middle. "That's it! Get your heads closer."

Xiao Li and Zhuang Long pressed their heads against each other and realized that their bodies were a little hot.

When he turned around, a smile quickly flashed across Zhuang Qilin's lips.

"One, two, three!"

It was taken!

Zhuang Qilin took the photo that he had just taken and went to look for the shop assistant. The shop assistant said that it would take half an hour to complete, so Zhuang Qilin was not in a hurry. He said that he could wait, then returned to the dining table and sat down to eat fast food.

He tasted the hamburger and realized that it was not delicious.

For some reason, she could always see children eating hamburgers on the streets.

He frowned and did not say anything. He took another sip of Coke. Zhuang Long had not eaten this thing for many years. He picked at the fries and was a little disgusted. Xiao Li loved to be beautiful and paid special attention to her diet. She would not touch such fried fast food.

The three of them ate very slowly, but their mood was high.

Soon, the keychain was done. The three of them stood up at the same time and accompanied Zhuang Qilin to collect the keychain before walking out of the restaurant together. Standing at the entrance of the restaurant, Zhuang Qilin asked Xiao Li and Zhuang Long if they had any plans next. Zhuang Long looked at Xiao Li.

Xiao Li thought of something and said, "I still have something on in the afternoon, so I'll go back first."

Upon hearing this, the light in Zhuang Long and Zhuang Qilin's eyes dimmed at the same time. Zhuang Qilin looked at Xiao Li and asked her, "What are you going to do? Can't you move it to tomorrow?"

Chapter 775: A Call from the Prison

Xiao Li said, "It's a little urgent. It's about the company."

Zhuang Qilin was a sensible child. When he heard that it was a company matter, he could not throw a tantrum anymore.

"Okay then."

The father and son watched as Xiao Li got into his car and left. When the back of the car was out of sight, Zhuang Long lowered his head and looked at Zhuang Qilin. The father and son's eyes were a little melancholic.

"Boring."

Zhuang Qilin pursed his lips and walked towards the subway.

Zhuang Long followed closely behind him. He stared at his son's lonely back and felt terrible.

After entering the subway station and buying a ticket, Zhuang Qilin tied the keychain to his school bag. He played with the keychain and did not speak to Zhuang Long. After a while, Zhuang Long gently pulled his sleeve and said, "The car is here."

Zhuang Qilin followed his father into the subway car with an awkward expression.

There were especially many people on the train today. The father and son could not find a seat and could only stand.

Zhuang Long was much taller than Zhuang Qilin. He held the armrest and stood as steady as a mountain. Zhuang Qilin originally wanted to show off, but when he stopped the car, he almost fell, so he obediently hugged Zhuang Long's waist. Zhuang Long looked down at the child's furry hair in his arms and could not help but raise his other hand to rub his head.

Zhuang Qilin looked up at him bitterly.

Zhuang Long felt terrible under his gaze and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Zhuang Qilin said faintly, "You can't even keep my mother. How useless..."

Zhuang Long could not refute.

The father and son arrived at their destination in silence.

After walking out of the car, the two of them could not help but stretch their hands and legs to stretch their bodies. After taking the subway, they were almost squeezed into meat pies. The two of them, who were already in a bad mood, were squeezed in the subway. After getting out of the car, their mood became even worse.

Zhuang Qilin kicked the stones on the road and walked slower and slower.

Zhuang Long could not pretend not to see. He knew what Zhuang Qilin was depressed about and was quite helpless. He broke a branch from the tree and poked his son's back with the end of the branch. Zhuang Qilin turned around and asked him expressionlessly, "What are you doing?"

Zhuang Long said, "Don't be angry. Can't we go out to play next time?"

Zhuang Qilin did not speak and continued to walk silently with his head lowered.

Zhuang Long strode forward and stopped in front of Zhuang Qilin.

Zhuang Long bent down in front of Zhuang Qilin.

Zhuang Qilin was stunned for a moment before asking in confusion, "What are you doing?"

Patting his shoulder, Zhuang Long said, "Get on. I'll carry you."

Zhuang Qilin said, "You can take a taxi in front. You don't have to carry me." With that, Zhuang Qilin's gaze was still fixed on Zhuang Long's back. He was a little eager to try. His father's back was very attractive to every child. Zhuang Qilin thought for a while and said, "If you can carry me home, I won't be angry anymore."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"Get on."

Zhuang Qilin did not stand on ceremony and jumped on. Zhuang Long carried Zhuang Qilin for a distance. The weather was very hot, and his son's chest was leaning against his father's back. His skin that was pressed together was drenched in sweat. Zhuang Qilin was already starting to regret it. Zhuang Long was so hot that his head was covered in sweat, but he did not shout that he was tired.

Zhuang Qilin felt upset.

The person under him worked hard for him because he loved him.

Zhuang Qilin's heart softened and he could not bear to continue torturing Zhuang Long. He then said, "It's so hot. Put me down. Let's take a taxi back."

Upon hearing the little darling say that he was hot, Zhuang Long quickly put him down.

The two of them took a taxi and arrived home at almost four o'clock.

When he got home, Zhuang Qilin ran upstairs and said that he wanted to take a shower. Zhuang Long also planned to take a shower. When he went upstairs, he glanced at a striking number on the calendar—

18.

Zhuang Long remembered what Xiao Li had said the day before yesterday.

18...

18 What day was it?

Zhuang Long went upstairs thoughtfully. He quickly took a shower and found a T-shirt to put on. Before he could put on his pants, his phone on the bed suddenly rang.

Zhuang Long glanced at it and realized that the caller was from San Francisco.

Zhuang Long stared at the phone screen and was in no hurry to answer the call.

Thinking that it was a harassment call, Zhuang Long rejected it.

He put on his pants and had just straightened his back when the phone rang again. It was still the same number.

The first time was an accident, but not the second.

Zhuang Long was a little confused. Was there anyone he knew in San Francisco?

Zhuang Long finally picked up.

“Hello?” Zhuang Long really thought that this was a stranger’s mistake.

Many years later, Zhuang Long still felt that this day was ridiculous and unbelievable.

On the other end, a serious male voice sounded. He said politely but coldly, “Hello.” Without waiting for Zhuang Long to answer, he asked again, “Is this Mr. Zhuang Long?”

Zhuang Long was surprised.

It was actually someone that knew him

“Yes, and you are?”

The person on the other end said something that surprised Zhuang Long. He said, “This is the California State Prison.”

Zhuang Long was still in a daze. “Sorry, I didn’t hear you clearly. Can you say it again?” What did he hear! California State Prison?

The person repeated patiently, “This is the California State Prison, Mr. Zhuang Long. Your mother’s sentence is full and she will be released from prison tomorrow. It’s like this. She has been in prison for 28 years and has not been in society for too long. We’re worried that she will be out of touch with real

society after being released from prison for too long. You're her only son. If it's convenient, can you come here tomorrow to pick her up?"

The prison police's words shocked Zhuang Long.

He felt lost, shocked, and afraid.

Wasn't his mother dead!

Why was she in prison!

Zhuang Long was at a loss for a moment. His grip loosened and the phone fell to the ground with a bang. Zhuang Long staggered back a few steps and finally sat on the floor by the bed. Zhuang Long's face was a little pale. He did not notice that his forehead was covered in cold sweat.

After Zhuang Qilin took a shower, he was using his laptop to go online when he heard an abnormal sound in his father's room next door.

He raised his voice and asked the person next door, "Dad? What are you doing?"

Zhuang Long said nothing.

Zhuang Qilin could not let go of his heart, so he threw away his computer and got up from the bed. He quickly walked to the next room, pushed open the door, and saw that his father's phone was on the ground while his father was sitting by the bed. Zhuang Long's knees were together, and his hands were hugging them. His face was pale, and his entire body seemed to be trembling.

Zhuang Qilin was shocked by this scene.

"Dad!"

He ran in and squatted in front of Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Qilin was more and more surprised as he nervously observed Zhuang Long.

What was going on?

“Dad, what happened?”

Zhuang Long remained silent, looking anxious.

Chapter 776: Meeting Again in 28 Years

Seeing that he could not get anything useful from Zhuang Long, Zhuang Qilin looked at the phone. He walked over and picked up the phone. Zhuang Long’s phone could only be controlled by his own fingerprints. Zhuang Qilin returned to Zhuang Long’s side with the phone. He picked up one of Zhuang Long’s fingers and swiped it on the phone screen a few times before flipping to the call record.

Zhuang Qilin called the number at the top.

Soon, the call was picked up. A serious male voice traveled from the receiver to Zhuang Qilin’s ears.

“Hello, this is the California State Prison...”

Upon hearing this, Zhuang Qilin frowned. “Hello, I... I’m Zhuang Long. You called me just now. There’s something wrong with my phone. Can I trouble you to tell me what happened just now? I didn’t hear you clearly.”

Zhuang Qilin’s voice, which was disguised as Zhuang Long, could not be heard over the phone.

The prison police officer did not suspect anything and repeated what he had said. After hearing the prison police officer's words, Zhuang Qilin's mouth opened wide.

Oh my god, he actually had a grandmother!

After hanging up the phone, Zhuang Qilin felt terrible.

No wonder his father's reaction was so intense. If this happened to him, he would be frightened too.

It was fine if her mother, who had been dead for many years, was still alive, but she had to be in prison...

Zhuang Qilin sat down beside Zhuang Long. Zhuang Long was completely unaware of his arrival. He was still immersed in his thoughts. Many things flashed across his mind. Zhuang Long wanted to reach out and grab those blurry images, but he could not touch anything.

Zhuang Long's head hurt. He hugged his head and could not help but groan. Zhuang Qilin was very worried about him. He quickly got up and placed his small hands on his father's head. He comforted him softly, "Dad, I'll rub your head."

The child had never learned professional massage before. The method was ordinary, and it was not comfortable to massage him, but it was not uncomfortable either. However, it was strange that Zhuang Long's irritated heart was actually comforted by Zhuang Qilin's small hands.

Gradually, Zhuang Long's head did not hurt so much.

Seeing that Zhuang Long seemed to be feeling better, Zhuang Qilin heaved a sigh of relief.

"Alright..." Zhuang Long suddenly said. Both he and Zhuang Qilin realized that there was something wrong with this voice, as if it was hoarse.

Zhuang Long smiled bitterly and said apologetically to Zhuang Qilin, "I've let you see an unpleasant scene again. I'm sorry, but it won't happen again."

“Dad, don’t say that. We’re father and son. We’re family.” Zhuang Qilin clenched his left hand into a fist and punched Zhuang Long’s shoulder. He said, “We’ll share blessings and hardships together.”

Zhuang Long’s heart warmed.

He grabbed his son’s head and rubbed it hard.

Zhuang Qilin did not blame him for messing up his hairstyle this time.

“Go back to your room and sleep.” Zhuang Long ordered Zhuang Qilin.

Zhuang Qilin nodded and slowly walked out of the room. When he reached the door, he turned around and looked at Zhuang Long. After confirming that Zhuang Long was really fine, he returned to his room. After Zhuang Qilin left, the fake calmness on Zhuang Long’s face disappeared and was replaced by a deep expression.

Tonight’s call had indeed frightened him.

However, after being frightened and calming down, the thing that made Zhuang Long feel the most afraid was that he actually could not remember his mother! This was an abnormal thing. He knew how good his memory was. He could remember almost all of the books and people he had come across.

How could he forget his biological mother!

It was obvious that something had happened in his childhood, and it was something that affected him deeply.

That incident caused him to forget his past and blur the image of his parents in his mind.

It took more than six hours to fly from New York to Los Angeles.

He had to leave overnight to get to the prison before it opened tomorrow. The prison that imprisoned Zhuang Long's mother was called San Quentin Prison. It was located in the San Francisco Bay Area and was the largest prison in the United States. There were more than five thousand criminals imprisoned inside, many of whom were notorious criminals. A portion of them were people who had been sentenced to death.

Zhuang Long packed his things briefly and got on the plane.

He could use the internet on the plane. On the way, he searched for news about this prison. After reading the report, Zhuang Long's mood was especially complicated.

Her mother had been imprisoned in such a big prison for 28 years. What crime had she committed?

With doubts, curiosity, and anticipation for his biological mother, Zhuang Long finally arrived in San Francisco.

He took a taxi and went straight to the prison.

The driver was a talkative black man. He was quite surprised to hear that Zhuang Long was going to prison. After sizing Zhuang Long up carefully a few times, he took the liberty to ask, "Brother, are you going to visit someone?"

Zhuang Long replied concisely, "To pick someone up."

"Friend?"

Zhuang Long's answer surprised the driver again.

"Mother."

The driver was quite embarrassed. He asked again, "How long was she in there?"

“28 years.”

The driver’s mouth was open, probably in shock.

“T-That’s quite a long time.”

He did not dare to continue asking.

If he asked what crime your mother had committed, and the passenger replied, “A perverted murder.” How should he answer? Should he reply that it was real?

In order not to cause trouble for himself, the driver chose to shut up obediently.

Just like that, the driver was silent, and so was Zhuang Long. Finally, they arrived at their destination.

This prison was said to be the most valuable prison in America because it was located by the bay and occupied a good piece of land. Over the years, the government had sent a new batch of equipment to the prison. The prison here had a good living environment.

He stood at the entrance of the prison, smoking a cigarette and staring at the door that did not look like a prison. He was speechless.

The taxi driver who sent him here did not leave either. He was still hoping to send Zhuang Long and the rest back to the city.

At this moment, the prison was already at work. Zhuang Long stood outside the door for a moment and saw an old man in his seventies walking out in a casual outfit that was not very good-looking but was still neat and clean. This old man must have been serving his sentence for a long time. The way he walked had the stiffness of an old criminal in prison.

It was obvious that he was a criminal who had been tamed by prison.

Zhuang Long waited for a few more minutes before the door opened again.

This time, a woman in a gray T-shirt and black pants walked out.

Zhuang Long stared at the woman and narrowed his eyes.

The woman had an oriental face, white hair, and a thin figure. She was about 60 years old and had wrinkles on her face. She was carrying a small bag. Zhuang Long did not understand why someone who wanted to leave prison had a bag full of things.

He looked at the woman intently.

Chapter 777: She Called Him Xiaobao

At this moment, the driver behind him asked Zhuang Long, "Brother, is that your mother?"

Zhuang Long shook his head in confusion.

"Isn't it?" The driver was quite puzzled and even muttered something. After he finished speaking, he heard the man leaning against the car say softly, "I don't remember what she looks like."

The driver looked at him with pity.

The driver stared at the woman's face as if he was sizing her up to see if there was any resemblance between her and Zhuang Long. After a moment, he said, "I think so. You two look quite similar." He could not say why, but the feeling he gave off was very similar.

This was probably the legendary charm.

Zhuang Long was stunned. Did it look like it?

He stared at the woman's face that was not considered young and smiled self-deprecatingly.

The woman stood at the entrance of the prison and looked around, as if she was waiting for someone. Like Zhuang Long, she did not know what the person she was waiting for looked like. A prison police officer in a police uniform was standing beside the woman and talking to her.

Seeing the prison policeman take out his phone as if he was about to call someone, Zhuang Long put out the cigarette in his hand and strode over.

A few meters away from the two of them, the woman finally noticed Zhuang Long. She stared at him in a daze, as if she was a little excited. She covered her mouth, and Zhuang Long saw her eyes gradually turn red. Zhuang Long's expression did not change.

He walked forward and said to the prison policeman, "Hello, I'm Zhuang Long."

The prison police seemed relieved.

"That's great. I thought you weren't coming."

Zhuang Long said, "Of course."

Zhuang Long then looked at the woman, who was also sizing him up.

When he stood close, Zhuang Long realized that this woman was actually quite short. She was only as tall as his shoulder and was at most 1.63 meters tall. Zhuang Long quickly looked away. He felt unfamiliar with this person who was his biological mother.

The woman saw Zhuang Long's reaction and was a little embarrassed.

“You...” She wanted to say something but found it difficult to say the words.

The woman gave up the desire to speak.

The prison policeman’s sharp eyes swept across the two of them. Finally, his gaze landed on Zhuang Long and stopped moving. He said to Zhuang Long, “Mr. Zhuang, this is your mother, Madam Xiao Meng. She has been serving her sentence for 28 years and can finally be released from prison today. Mr. Zhuang, your mother has been in prison for too long and doesn’t know much about today’s society. I hope you can take care of her more in the future.”

Zhuang Long nodded calmly.

In his heart, he thought: So her name is Xiao Meng...

Such a gentle name, but a murderer.

Hearing the prison police’s words, Xiao Meng finally dared to believe that the handsome man in front of her was really her baby. She looked at her baby and felt sour in her heart. When she was in prison, Xiao Bao was only seven years old. He was so thin and weak, and he was always timid when he looked at people, unlike now, where his gaze was always filled with arrogance.

Her Xiao Bao had secretly grown up in a place she could not see. He was even taller than her.

Xiao Meng looked up at Zhuang Long with red eyes.

The prison police left quickly, leaving behind a mother and son that they had not seen for nearly thirty years.

Zhuang Long did not know how to address Xiao Meng. He could not call her mother. If he did not, he would feel terrible. After a long silence, he said, “The driver is still waiting for us. Come with me to the car.”

Xiao Meng was stunned.

She could sense Zhuang Long's resistance. She felt terrible, but she could understand.

After all, she had not seen Xiao Bao for 28 years.

After getting into the car, the mother and son were speechless.

When they reached the city, they got out of the car at the entrance of a hotel. After paying the driver, Zhuang Long brought Xiao Meng upstairs. Standing in the elevator, Zhuang Long stood in front while Xiao Meng stood behind. Zhuang Long played with the lighter in his hand and lowered his head, not looking at Xiao Meng.

After a while, Xiao Meng could not help but break the awkwardness.

She said, "I heard that you've become a virologist. You developed an antidote to AIDS. Is that true?"

"...Yes."

Zhuang Long told Xiao Meng everything he knew.

Xiao Meng was a little excited. She said repeatedly, "Xiao Bao is really amazing! You're really promising." She praised Zhuang Long a few times in one go, just like Auntie Xianglin.

Zhuang Long frowned and did not find her annoying.

Zhuang Long only opened a suite with a bedroom and living room. Zhuang Long pointed at the bedroom and said to Xiao Meng, "You sleep in here tonight. I'll sleep in the living room. You can call me if you need anything." He brought Xiao Meng into the bathroom and told her, "This is the bathroom. Take a shower first and change into new clothes later. If you don't know how to do it, you can call me."

Xiao Meng said, "I know these general knowledge."

"Alright."

Zhuang Long walked out of the bathroom and left the bedroom. He sat down in the living room and took out his phone. He asked a question in the Google browser—

How to get along with his mother, who he had not seen for 28 years.

No one answered his question. Perhaps this was an unpopular question.

That was true. How could there be a biological mother and son in this world who had not seen each other for twenty to thirty years?

Zhuang Long put down his phone. After a while, he heard the bathroom door open. He looked inside and saw Xiao Meng walking out. She was wearing a blue cotton dress. Her black hair was tied up with a rubber band, making her look plain.

Zhuang Long took another look. The figure of a beautiful and gentle woman suddenly flashed across his mind.

That person was also wearing a blue dress. He stood in the kitchen with a bag of new vegetables in his hand. He smiled and asked him, "Xiao Bao, what are you eating for lunch today? Mommy will make it for you."

Zhuang Long was stunned.

Was that person Mom?

He came back to his senses and sized Xiao Meng up.

Xiao Meng tugged at her dress and was a little embarrassed. She said, "I haven't worn a dress in many years. I keep feeling strange."

Zhuang Long understood her discomfort.

Prison was a place that paid attention to discipline. People who were used to being tied up by pants were naturally not used to suddenly wearing a dress. It was the same logic as people who had lost their freedom would suddenly feel uncomfortable when they were free.

Zhuang Long felt that Xiao Meng looked good in a dress, so he said, "It's good, you look better than you did just now."

Only then did Xiao Meng believe him.

She wiped her head and was about to sit down when Zhuang Long's face darkened.

"You have to dry your hair, or you'll get sick easily." After he finished speaking, he got up and went to the bathroom cabinet to find the hairdryer. Zhuang Long hesitated for a moment before walking to Xiao Meng's side with the hairdryer. He turned the hairdryer on and said to Xiao Meng, "I've never dried someone's hair. If it's too hot, tell me."

Xiao Meng's heart melted.

"Okay."

Zhuang Long turned on the hot wind and blew Xiao Meng's hair clumsily.

Chapter 778: Mothers Are the Same

Even after drying Xiao Meng's hair, Zhuang Long had never scalded her.

“Done.” Zhuang Long bent down to pull the plug.

Xiao Meng touched her dry hair and smiled. She said, “Xiao Bao is still so sensible. Awesome.”

Zhuang Long was stunned.

He stood still with the hairdryer in his hand.

Xiao Meng turned around in confusion and looked up at him. Seeing that he seemed to be deep in thought, she asked softly, “Xiao Bao, what’s wrong?”

Zhuang Long asked, “Did you always call me Xiaobao?”

This time, it was Xiao Meng’s turn to be surprised.

“Yes, have you forgotten?” Xiao Meng could not smile anymore, and her face was filled with sadness. “You don’t remember...”

This was not what surprised Xiao Meng the most. There was something else that surprised her even more. Zhuang Long said, “I don’t remember.” He saw Xiao Meng’s eyes widen and felt sorry for her, but he still told Xiao Meng the truth honestly. “I don’t remember many things. About you, Dad, and our family.”

Zhuang Long had something on his mind, so he did not notice the panic in Xiao Meng’s eyes when he mentioned her father.

“I’m sorry, I forgot about you.” Zhuang Long had always thought that his mother was dead. In his memory, his parents were indeed dead. That was why he was so surprised when he received a call from the prison last night. After saying that, Zhuang Long looked down at Xiao Meng’s expression.

Xiao Meng heaved a sigh of relief.

Zhuang Long found it strange.

Why was she reacting like this?

Ding Dong—

The doorbell rang. Zhuang Long put down the hairdryer and opened the peephole to see the waiter pushing the dining car. He opened the door and tipped the waiter. After he left everything behind, he said to Xiao Meng, "Let's make do with eating first. We'll go out to eat tonight."

Xiao Meng smiled and said, "That's good."

During the meal, the mother and son still did not talk much.

After dinner, Xiao Meng was a little tired. According to her prison habits, she should be taking an afternoon nap at this time. Xiao Meng felt very bad. She wanted to stay with the child for a while, but she was old and her biological clock was playing tricks on her, so she dozed off.

Zhuang Long could not bear to see her like this and planned to carry her to the bed.

Just as she got close to Xiao Meng, Xiao Meng suddenly woke up.

Seeing that it was Zhuang Long, she was relieved.

Seeing that she was awake, Zhuang Long stopped hugging her.

"Go to bed and sleep," Zhuang Long said.

Xiao Meng nodded and stood up. "I have to sleep for a while at noon. It won't be long. Half an hour will do."

"It's okay. It's okay to sleep a little longer."

After Xiao Meng returned to her room to rest, Zhuang Long lay down on the sofa. He turned on his phone and logged into OK. He saw that he had hundreds of messages that he had not read. He entered the group and scrolled through the messages online. He realized that everyone was talking about him.

It was unknown who leaked the news. Now, everyone knew that Zhuang Long, who had always called himself an orphan, actually had a biological mother who was still alive.

Everyone was good friends. They were all talking about Zhuang Long and his mother in the group. Suzanne was curious about what crime Zhuang Long's mother had committed to be sentenced for so many years. Zhuang Long, Yan Nuo, and the rest were concerned about another question. Why did Zhuang Long not remember his mother!

Everyone discussed for a long time, but there was no conclusion.

After thinking about it, Zhuang Long spoke in the group.

Zhuang Long: [Now that she's in San Francisco, I have mixed feelings. When I saw her, I couldn't recognize her. She was 59 years old and had been in prison for 28 years. At that time, she should have been very young. I don't remember her name or her appearance. It was only this morning that I found out that her name was Xiao Meng. She had a very gentle name. I only found out at noon that she looked very good in a dress. I vaguely remembered some things. It was probably when I was very young. She always liked to wear a blue dress. She stood in the kitchen and asked me what I wanted to eat for lunch...]

After Zhuang Long sent this message, he was very excited.

In the group, everyone appeared, not knowing what to say. Suzanne sent a hug emoji.

Fang Yusheng said: [This is fine. It's better than when I was young. I always thought that I was Fang Pingjue's son, but in the end, I was actually someone else's child. To be honest, I spent those few days in a daze. Now that I think about it, I still feel that it's ridiculous.]

Yan Nuo: [When I found out the truth about my mother's death, I also found it ridiculous.]

Ji Yinbing: [In that case, I'm the most normal person who knows that I suddenly have a brother from the same mother.]

Realizing that everyone's lives were quite messed up, Zhuang Long felt a little comforted.

He wrote again: [I just found out that she likes to call me Xiaobao.]

Yan Nuo: [Zhuang Xiaobao.]

An: [Xiao Bao.]

Ji Yinbing: [Xiao Bao.]

Suzanne: [Be good, Xiao Bao. Don't feel bad.]

Zhuang Long's stomach was filled with sorrow, and he was teased by this group of bad friends.

Zhuang Long: [Alright, I'm feeling much better. Thank you.]

The group fell silent.

Zhuang Long logged out of the OK app and opened another social media app. He stared at Xiao Li's profile picture for a long time. He especially wanted to ask Xiao Li if she had long known about Xiao Meng, but he did not dare to ask. He was afraid that Xiao Li was hiding more from him.

He only sent Zhuang Qilin a message: [I'll be back tomorrow.]

Zhuang Qilin quickly replied: [What does Grandma like to eat? I'll get the chef to prepare it.]

Zhuang Long did not know either.

When Xiao Meng woke up, Zhuang Long pretended to unintentionally ask about Xiao Meng's eating hobby. The reason was that he wanted to understand her past. Xiao Meng smiled especially gently and did not think too much about it. She said honestly, "I especially like spicy crayfish. When I was young, I always made it for us to eat together. You don't like Sichuan pepper, but you like the numbing taste."

Zhuang Long remembered it and asked, "What else?"

"I don't have anything I especially like to eat, but I remember that you like fried pumpkin balls and celery. Your favorite food is celery stir-fried intestines."

Zhuang Long's heart ached when he heard this.

She only remembered his hobby. What about her own?

Zhuang Long said in a muffled voice,

Were all mothers like this?

In the afternoon, Zhuang Long brought Xiao Meng shopping. Xiao Meng had not been out of prison for too many years and was very reserved everywhere. She could not tell what the current trend was, so she asked Zhuang Long to buy some for her. Realizing that those clothes were especially expensive, Xiao Meng was a little uneasy. "You spent so much money. It's too expensive."

Zhuang Long asked, "How were our living conditions in the past?"

Xiao Meng said, "It's alright. You don't have to worry about food and clothing. You can't be considered rich. Occasionally, you will buy one or two luxurious things, but you won't spend money recklessly like you." At this point, she thought of something and asked Zhuang Long, "Xiao Bao, are you married? After you get married, your expenses will be greater, and you can't spend money recklessly."

Zhuang Long was speechless.

Chapter 779: No Child Is Willing to Acknowledge a Murderer as a Grandma

Was it because every mother was especially concerned about the child's marriage?

He could not tell his mother that he was married and divorced. His ex-wife was about to remarry, and the person she remarrying was not him...

Seeing her son's expression darken, Xiao Meng knew that she had said something wrong. She thought that Zhuang Long had always been an old bachelor and was afraid that her words would hurt her son's pride. She quickly said, "Then save the money and use it when you have a family in the future."

Zhuang Long said faintly, "I won't marry a wife without a wife."

Xiao Meng thought of something and her expression changed. She seemed to be struggling.

Zhuang Long did not understand what she was struggling for.

Zhuang Long carried his clothes and walked in front. Xiao Meng followed behind him. When they left the mall in the elevator, Xiao Meng suddenly said from behind him, "Then... then even if you want to spend the rest of your life with a man, it's still a home. Since it's a home, there are places where I need money."

Zhuang Long almost vomited blood.

In order to prevent Xiao Meng from continuing to let her thoughts run wild, Zhuang Long had no choice but to tell Xiao Meng about his current situation. He said, "I'm married." After saying that, he saw Xiao Meng's expression brighten. Zhuang Long added, "But I divorced her four years ago."

Xiao Meng was shocked for a moment before her expression collapsed. She tried her best to digest this news.

Then, Zhuang Long said, "But I have a son called Zhuang Qilin."

Xiao Meng did not know what expression to make.

It was exciting to have so many twists and turns.

She was silent for a long time before saying in a complicated tone, "It... it must not have been easy."

Zhuang Long stopped talking.

In the afternoon, Zhuang Long had figured out Xiao Meng's personality. She was a gentle and considerate woman without any opinions. He was especially curious about why such a woman killed people!

Yes, Xiao Meng was a murderer. She was sentenced to prison because she killed someone.

Therefore, before he went to pick Xiao Meng up, Zhuang Long was still fantasizing about this woman's appearance. Although she might not have an extremely fierce appearance, she was definitely not easy to get along with. In the end, when he met her, he realized that this person was not a fierce night-blooming cereus flower. She was probably a... dodder flower?

When they arrived at the hotel, Xiao Meng admired the beautiful clothes happily.

Even though she was already 59 years old and no longer looked young, she still loved to look beautiful. Zhuang Long stood at the side and watched quietly, feeling exceptionally calm. When Xiao Meng placed her clothes aside and saw that she was willing to stop, Zhuang Long asked, "Why did you kill someone?"

The smile on Xiao Meng's face froze.

Following that, his plain and dry face that had been weathered by the elements gradually turned pale.

Zhuang Long was surprised.

"What's wrong? Can't you tell me?" Zhuang Long did not plan to get to the bottom of it.

Xiao Meng came back to her senses and explained softly, "That person hurt someone he shouldn't have."

"Who did he hurt?"

"...You don't know him."

Zhuang Long asked again, "Who did you kill?"

Xiao Meng still said, "You don't know him either."

"...Oh."

In that case, the person Xiao Meng killed was a bad person who had bullied the person she cared about the most. Zhuang Long saw that Xiao Meng's expression was not right and knew that this person was frightened by him. He sighed silently in his heart. Wouldn't such a timid person's feet tremble when she killed people?

After resting for the night, Zhuang Long brought Xiao Meng on a flight to New York City the next morning.

Xiao Meng had an extra luggage. In the luggage, there was still the small luggage she had when she was released from prison and some clothes. Zhuang Long wanted Xiao Meng to throw those things away last night, but Xiao Meng could not bear to, so Zhuang Long did not insist.

He was very curious about what Xiao Meng treated as a treasure.

When they were about to reach home, Xiao Meng suddenly became nervous.

Zhuang Long could tell and comforted her. "You don't have to be nervous. Qilin is a child, not a demon. Why are you so nervous?"

Xiao Meng said, "The first time we met, I was afraid of startling him. I didn't prepare a gift either. It's inappropriate to be empty-handed. Besides, besides, I've lived in prison for half my life..." As she spoke, Xiao Meng fell silent.

Zhuang Long's expression darkened. He asked her, "What else do you want to say?"

Xiao Meng gritted her teeth and said timidly, "No child is willing to acknowledge a murderer as their grandmother."

Zhuang Long suddenly felt angry.

"Stop it!"

He could not stand the woman's submissive look.

It was very pitiful and helpless, but it was also hateful. Zhuang Long could not help but be curious. How did Xiao Meng not get bullied in prison with such a weak personality?

In order to comfort Xiao Meng's nervousness, Zhuang Long said, "That child is very kind. He won't despise you. In fact, he's looking forward to your arrival."

Xiao Meng was skeptical.

The car drove straight into the manor.

Seeing that her son's place was so luxurious, Xiao Meng finally believed that her son had really lived well all these years.

This was enough. As long as he was doing well, there was no problem even if he was locked in prison for the rest of his life. The butler personally opened the car door and called out to Zhuang Long. Zhuang Long got out of the car and personally walked around to the other side. He opened the door and welcomed Xiao Meng out.

Xiao Meng was so nervous.

Zhuang Long told the butler, "This is my mother."

The butler appeared very calm and did not look surprised at all. He called out to Xiao Meng respectfully, "Old Madam, welcome home."

The word "home" almost made Xiao Meng cry.

At this moment, a black shadow ran out of the house.

That person hugged Zhuang Long and called him father before letting go of him. Then, he quickly walked to Xiao Meng's side. Looking up, Zhuang Qilin sized up his grandmother. At one glance, he could tell that she was a gentle woman. Zhuang Qilin smiled sweetly at Xiao Meng, looking very obedient.

"Hello, Grandma. You're really good-looking."

Even though time was unforgiving and Xiao Meng had already aged, her foundation was still there. It could be seen that she was definitely a beauty when she was young.

The nervousness on Xiao Meng's face finally faded a little.

She bent down and looked at Zhuang Qilin, who looked back at her.

After a short meeting of eyes, Xiao Meng happily tapped Zhuang Qilin's nose and said, "You and Xiao Bao really look alike when you're young, except for your eyes." Zhuang Qilin's eyes were like her mother's. They were blue and especially charming. Other places were like her father's.

This was a grown-up who was picking on his parents' strengths.

Zhuang Qilin was naturally happy to be praised by Xiao Meng.

"Is Xiaobao my father's nickname?" Zhuang Qilin felt that this name was especially cute.

Xiao Meng nodded. "It was originally called Little Baby, but your father didn't like it when he grew up and insisted that this name was embarrassing. Later on, he had no choice but to change his name to Little Treasure."

"This name is nice. I have an uncle whose child is called Iron Egg. The name Xiao Bao is much better than Iron Egg."

Chapter 780: Motherly Love

The two of them chatted as they entered the house.

The large manor that used to be quiet and lonely suddenly became lively with this big and small voice.

Zhuang Long stood at the door for a while and gave himself a few minutes to go to the house to listen to the sudden commotion. Then, he turned around and entered the house.

Xiao Meng was used to eating by herself and was not used to being served by others. Zhuang Long had already thought of it, so he specially instructed the head butler to not serve him when he ate in the future.

The chef made a big pot of spicy crayfish. Xiao Meng, who had not eaten crayfish for decades, suddenly ate the crayfish and almost cried on the spot. Zhuang Long had not eaten this thing for many years. He tried a bite. It was spicy and numb. It really suited his taste.

If Xiao Meng had not mentioned it, Zhuang Long would not have known that he liked to eat this.

This was the first time Zhuang Qilin ate it, and he was addicted.

There were so many delicacies on the table, but the one that the host doted on the most was the pot of crayfish. After the meal, the three of them felt their mouths numb, especially Zhuang Qilin. He could not care less about his image and rubbed his lips with his fingers.

As she rubbed it, she said, "I feel that my lips are no longer my lips." She lost all feeling.

Pepper was a good thing, but it would numb the nerves.

Zhuang Long laughed at his lack of restraint when he ate. Zhuang Qilin clicked his tongue and replied, "If you like something, you don't know how to control yourself."

Zhuang Long was stunned.

He felt that it was fine if his son did not speak, but when he did, every sentence was classic.

After dinner, Zhuang Long brought Xiao Meng to her room. He arranged for Xiao Meng's room to be on the second floor. The moment Xiao Meng entered the room, she saw her luggage. The servant was very polite. She placed the luggage by the wall and did not move. It was still the same.

Xiao Meng was very satisfied with the room. She sized it up and thought of life in prison. She said, "Our prison used to be a group of people living together. At that time, there were many people and they were always causing trouble. Later on, we reorganized it. There were only two people living in a cell. The cell was especially small. Between the bed and the wall, only one person could walk."

"However, it's always good not to live with others."

Hearing Xiao Meng's words, Zhuang Long had a realization. Previously, he had been puzzled. How did such a weak woman like Xiao Meng survive in prison? It turned out that they lived separately.

That was not surprising.

Xiao Meng did not want to say more about the prison. She bent down and squatted beside the box, opening it. Zhuang Long watched as Xiao Meng packed her clothes. Zhuang Qilin had run in at some point and was running around the room mischievously.

"What's inside?" After Zhuang Qilin asked, he did something that Zhuang Long wanted to do but held back

He opened the bag that Xiao Meng had brought out of prison.

Zhuang Long lowered his head and searched for something in the messy things. He guessed what these things were used for. Zhuang Long's expression was complicated. His lips were pursed into a straight line.

The things in the bag were all very grape-like. There were gloves, socks, and even sweaters. Their colors were more simple and elegant, and it was obvious that only boys could use them. There were two pairs of gloves that looked very small, as if they were worn by children. Even the sweater did not look big, and there was a panda on the chest, as if they were worn by twelve or thirteen-year-olds.

Zhuang Qilin did not know what these things were for. He picked up the sweater and compared it to himself. Seeing Xiao Meng walk over in a panic, Zhuang Qilin asked her with a smile, "Grandma, is this for me? The clothes are big and I can only wear them after two years."

Xiao Meng was a little embarrassed. She said, "If Qilin likes it, Grandma will knit a sweater for you in the future. Tell me what kind you like. I know it all." She picked up all the things in a panic. Seeing Zhuang Qilin pout as if he did not dare to be happy, she quickly explained, "These clothes have been placed for too many years and can't be worn anymore."

Zhuang Qilin nodded in understanding. "Then I want a sweater too." After thinking for a while, he said, "I want a tiger pattern."

Xiao Meng quickly replied, "Okay, okay! Grandma will make it for you."

As she spoke, she packed her things and grabbed a long scarf. Xiao Meng planned to put it away. She pulled it and realized that the other end of the scarf was being pulled by another hand. Xiao Meng paused and turned her head. Her gaze followed the slender hand.

She saw a silent handsome face.

Zhuang Long stared at the knitted scarf in his hand and heard something.

He did not speak and picked up a handmade woolen wrist guard in front of his feet. He put the wrist guard on his wrist. The size was suitable.

Zhuang Long waved his arm at Xiao Meng and said, "I prefer black."

Xiao Meng was stunned for a moment before she quickly said, "I can make it again for you."

Do it again!

Zhuang Long's expression turned serious. His eyes were filled with the shadows of messy handmade items. He asked Xiao Meng, "There are so many things. Could they be birthday gifts for me?" He roughly counted that there were 27. Xiao Meng had been in prison for 28 years and had only made 27 birthday gifts. This guess was reasonable.

As Zhuang Long's 35th birthday was next month, Xiao Meng might not have the time to do it.

Seeing that Zhuang Long had easily guessed the use of these things, Xiao Meng felt embarrassed. She explained, "The prison allows us to make some handicrafts. I have nothing to do, so I make the same thing every year before and after your birthday."

She knew that her son had been adopted by someone else. In order to reassure the adoptive parents, she had never dared to send these things out, afraid that she would disturb his family.

As a mother, she was considerate of her child.

All these years, Xiao Meng had kept these things by her side as a thought.

Zhuang Long said nothing.

In fact, she had thousands of words to say, but she did not know where to start.

He placed the things in his hand in the box and pulled the small bag beside Zhuang Qilin over. Zhuang Long looked inside and realized that there were two photos at the bottom of the bag. Zhuang Long reached out and took the photos out with two long fingers. He saw himself.

In one photo was his childhood self. He looked no older than six or seven years old. He seemed to be standing in a courtyard with a woman standing beside him. The woman was wearing a blue dress and had long hair. She smiled gently at the camera.

The Zhuang Long in the photo was young, but he was exquisite and cute.

He noticed that there was a hand on his other shoulder. Zhuang Long was very clear about the human structure and could tell at a glance that it was an adult male hand.